

The Musical World.

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VOL. 36.—No. 19.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1858.

{ PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

MISS GERARD (pupil of Sig. Garcia) will make her first appearance in public at the concert at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 12th. Mr. Land, conductor.

MR. LANGTON WILLIAMS begs to announce to his friends and the public that his ANNUAL CONCERT will take place at the Music Hall, Store-street, on Monday, May the 24th, supported by the most eminent artists.

SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI, and MR. CHARLES BRAHAM (Conductor, Signor Vianesi). All applications for the provinces, or the metropolis, to be addressed to Mr. Charles Braham, Manager.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—The new Series of Illustrations by Mr. and Mrs. Reed (late Miss P. Horton) will be repeated every evening (except Saturday) at Eight. Saturday Afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.; Stalls secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

WILHELMINA CLAUSS.—WILLIS'S ROOMS.—MADAME SZA VARDY (Wilhelmina Clauss) has the honour to announce that she will give her First Matinée Musicale, at the above rooms, on Monday Morning next, May 10, commencing at Three o'clock, assisted by Mons. Sainton and Signor Piatti.—Reserved Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Unreserved, 7s.; to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

RÉUNION des ARTS, 76, Harley-street.—The members are respectfully informed that the SOIRES MUSICALES of the EIGHTH SEASON will commence on the 19th May, and will embrace some new features, viz., an orchestra and choir, comprehending the best amateur talent, &c. There are vacancies for a few (amateur) stringed and wind instruments. For further particulars, apply to Herr Goffie, 61, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall. Conductor, Mr. Costa.—On Friday next, May 14th, will be repeated Mendelssohn's "ATHALIE" and Rossini's "STABAT MATER." Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Miss Rowland, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. The illustrative verses of "Athalie" will be recited by Mr. Henry Nicholls. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall.

MISS DOLBY AND MR. LINDSAY SLOPER beg to announce THREE CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC, at Willis's Rooms, on Monday afternoons, May 17 and 31, and Monday evening, June 14. During the series they will be assisted by Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, Sainton, Blagrove, Piatti, Paque, Benedict, G. Russell, and Cusina. Subscription to the series, one guinea; admission to a single concert, half-a-guinea. Tickets for reserved seats may be had of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; of Miss Dolby, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square; and of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 70, Cambridge-terrace, Hyde-park.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—DON GIOVANNI.—On Tuesday next, May 11, will be represented Mozart's chef-d'œuvre, DON GIOVANNI. Donna Anna, Madile. Titieni; Donna Elvira, Mad. Alboni; and Zerlina, Madile. Piccolomini. Don Giovanni, Sig. Beneventano (his first appearance this season); Leporello, Sig. Belletti; Masetto, Sig. Aldighieri; Il Commendatore, Sig. Vlaetti; and Don Ottavio, Sig. Giuglini. To increase the effect of the majestic finale of the first act, including the chorus, "Viva la libertà," all the principal artists of the establishment have consented to lend their assistance.

In addition to the music restored last year, Madile Titieni will sing the grand aria "Crudele! ah no mio bene," hitherto omitted.

On Thursday next, May 13th, an extra night, will be repeated IL TROVATORE. Leonora, Madile. Titieni; Azucena, Mad. Alboni; Manrico, Sig. Giuglini. With entertainments; and with the new ballet, in which Madile. Pochini will appear.

On Friday next, May 14th, an extra night, when DON GIOVANNI will be repeated.

Applications to be made at the Box Office at the Theatre.

ORGANIST.—The appointment of Organist to the parish church of Saint Andrew by the Wardrobe and Saint Ann, Blackfriars, is vacant. Candidates to forward testimonials as to character and ability, addressed to the Vestry Clerk, No. 1, Wardrobe-place, Doctor's Commons, E.C., on or before the 20th day of May instant. Salary, Thirty Guineas per annum.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read, at St. Martin's Hall, on Thursday evening, May 13th, his "Christmas Carol." The Reading will commence at eight exactly, and will last two hours. Stalls (numbered and reserved), 5s.; areas and galleries, 2s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 1s. Tickets to be had at Messrs. Chapman and Hall's, publishers, 193, Piccadilly; and St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a Matinée Musicale at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, May 24. Vocalists:—Miss Lindo (pupil of Signor Ferrari, her first appearance in public) and Signor Marras. Instrumentalists.—Herr Jansa, M. Clementi, Herr Goffie, M. Paque, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Aguilar. Among other pieces will be performed J. S. Bach's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 7s., to be had at all the principal music-sellers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N.W.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—The first will take place at his residence, 22, Chesham-place, Belgrave-square, on Thursday, May 13th, to commence at Three o'clock. Programme:—Part I. Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3, Beethoven; Fantaisie chromatique and Fugue, S. Bach; Theme, with variations, in A, Mozart; Sonata in G minor, Op. 34, No. 2, Clementi. Part II. Sonata in C minor, Op. 111, Beethoven; Preludes and "Dans les bois," Heller; Mazurka and Grande Valse in A flat, Chopin.—Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; and Subscription Tickets for the Series of Three Matinées, One Guinea each, to be had at Messrs. Cramer and Beale's, 201, Regent-street; Mr. Ollivier's, 19, Old Bond-street; and at Mr. Halle's residence.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

MR. GYE has the honour to announce that the **NEW THEATRE WILL OPEN** ON **SATURDAY, MAY 15,** On which occasion will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, **LES HUGUENOTS.**

V. **R.**
UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
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All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

[MAY 8, 1858.]

S. T. JAMES'S HALL.—Madame Gassier, Miss Arabella Goddard, Sims Reeves, Monday and Wednesday evenings, May 10 and 12; also Mesdames Wildauer (prima donna of the Grand Opera, Vienna), Stabbach, Mespont, Sestlitzek, Gerard, Poole, Eyles, Dolby; Messrs. Wilby Cooper, Winn, Frank Bodda, and Brinley Richards. The celebrated Band of the Garde Nationale of Paris, their first appearance in London, under the direction of Mons. Marie, and the Royal Surrey Choral Society. Accompanist, Mr. Frank Mori. Conductor, Mr. Land. Area, 3s.; Balcony, 5s.; Reserved Area, 7s.; Upper Balcony, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; and a limited number of Sofa Stalls in the Area, 10s. 6d.—Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s 201, Regent-street; and Chappell's, 50, New Bond-street.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOESSER has the honour to announce that his **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, 12th May, 1858, to commence at eight o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Sautley; Pianoforte—Herr Adolph Schloesser. The orchestra will be on the most complete scale, Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Numbered Reserved Stalls, 10s. 6d., to be had at all the Principal Music-sellers, and of Herr Adolph Schloesser, 58, Cambridge-street, Hyde-park, W.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S THIRD AND LAST PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on Wednesday Evening, May 12th, at Half-past Eight, in Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's.

On this occasion, Miss Goddard will have the honour of performing, among other pieces, Weber's Grand Sonata in E minor; Fugues by Handel, Scarlatti, J. S. Bach, and Mendelssohn; and BEETHOVEN'S GRAND SONATA IN B FLAT, Op. 106.

Reserved Places, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 7s. To be had of Miss Arabella Goddard, 49, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and of the principal Music-publishers.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—BAND OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL GUARD—their first appearance in this country.—This Military Band consisting of thirty performers, will visit the Palace on Monday next, the 10th instant, in full uniform, and give a performance of music in the centre transept.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.—1. God save the Queen; 2. English March, Cornet solo, M. Marie Marie; 3. Selection from "I Puritani," with cornet solo, M. Hottin-Bellini; 4. Grand descriptive March, "Battle of the Alma," introducing the bugle calls of the French army, "Le Reveil," "Les Tirailleurs," "La Bataille," "La Victoire à nous," trombone solo, M. Handoff Marie; 5. Quadrille, "Rose of Castille"—Balle.

PART II.—1. French march, with variations for "the petit bugle soprano" by M. G. bin Marie; 2. Var-ovie Polonoise, with trombone solo by M. Handoff Marie; 3. Overture, "Masaniello"—Auber; 4. Grand waltz, "La Reine Marguerite"—Marie; 5. Quadrille on English, French, and Turkish airs—Marie; 6. Rule Britannia. Conductor of the band, Mons. E. Marie.

The Palace will open at 9. The music will take place as follows: Band of the Company at 12.30; Band of the National Guard at 2; Organ performance at 3; Band of the National Guard at 4; Band of the Company at 5. Admission as usual, One Shilling. Children under twelve, half price.

(By order) G. GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The second of the series of concerts of Vocal and Instrumental Music, in the new orchestra in the Centre Transept, will take place on Friday next, the 14th inst. Vocalists: Miss Louisa Pyne (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace), Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, of about 100 voices will sing some of their favourite Part Songs in the second part of the programme. The Band will be largely increased by a number of the leading instrumentalists. Conductor, Mr. Manns. Doors open at Twelve; Concert to commence at Three. Admission by Season Ticket, or on payment of 5s. Children under twelve, half price. Reserved Stalls 2s. 6d. each extra. The Programme will be duly announced.

Crystal Palace, May 7th, 1858.

By order, GEO. GROVE, Sec.

THE ARION, Book I.—Just published, to be continued monthly. A collection of Part Songs by the most celebrated Composers, translated and edited by F. Freame's Reilly. Book I. contains:—Mendelssohn's Autumn Song, The Happy Wanderer, The Golden Bridge (first time published in England), Reichardt's Spanish Canzonet, Image of the Rose, and Pogner's Cock-chafers. Score and Parts, 4s.; or in Two separate Parts, 2s. each; separate Voice Parts, a halfpenny per page. London, G. Schermann and Co., 80, Newgate-street. The subsequent Books of the Arion will be printed by G. Schermann's New Patent Process for Music Printing.

THE IMPROVED HARMONIUM.—Mr. W. E. EVANS, inventor of the English Harmonium (exhibited in London in 1844), calls attention to the improvements he has lately made in this instrument. The subjoined testimonial from Mr. Alfred Mellon is one of the many he has received from eminent professors:—

THE VALE, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA,
March 19th, 1858.

DEAR SIR.—I have much pleasure in giving you my opinion upon your Harmonium; it is the best instrument of the kind I have ever heard.

Yours very truly,

ALFRED MELLON.

SIGNOR FERRARI'S NEW WORK on the CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE AND SINGING is now published, price 8s., and may be had at his residence, Devonshire Lodge, Portland-road, Portland-place, and at all the principal music sellers. "Of all the treatises on the cultivation of the voice that have appeared for many years, it is the most sensible, concise, and useful."—Daily News. "There is more sense in this work than we find in nine out of ten publications of a similar kind."—Athenaeum. "Forms a kind of grammar of the vocal art, and not a mere collection of exercises."—Critic. "Here is a really sensible work."—Musical World.

HERR REICHARDT, 23, Alfred-place West, Brompton

HERR LOUIS ENGEL, 10, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, W.

LAURENT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.—New Office, at Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 24, Holles-street, where full particulars may be had.

MR. SYDNEY SMITH, Violoncellist (orchestral and solo) from the Conservatorium of Music, and Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipzig, is open to engagements. Address, 19, Bear-street, Leicester-square.

THE ORCHESTRAL UNION, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, can be engaged for morning or evening concerts throughout the season. For terms, apply to Mr. Woolgar, the Vale, King's-road, Chelsea.

MR. T. G. PATEY, Basso Profondo of the Italian Theatres, begs to announce that he is in town for the season, ready to accept engagements.—Communications to be addressed to 62, Stafford-place, Pimlico.

MR. W. W. GRICE begs respectfully to inform the Musical Profession and parties giving concerts that he undertakes the management and superintendence of orchestras.—Address, 13, North-street, Westminster Abbey, S.W.

MADAME PERSIANI has just arrived in London for the season.—Address for terms for private and public concerts, lessons, and provincial engagements, &c., to Madame Persiani, 8, Prince's-street, Hanover-square; or to Robert W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond-street, Piccadilly.

MR. THORPE PEED, Assistant Professor with the late Signor Crivelli, begs to announce that he is in town for the season. Applications for lessons and engagements are requested to be addressed to Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street, where testimonials from the late great master, may be seen.

HER MAJESTY'S STATE BALL.—Mr. John Weippert had the unspeakable delight of receiving Her Majesty's commands to attend and conduct his unrivaled orchestra at the Grand Ball given at Buckingham Palace in honour of the Princess Frederick William's marriage. Address, 21, Soho-square.

SIGNOR LUCCHESI, primo tenore from the Italian Opera, Paris, and of Her Majesty's Theatre and the Royal Italian Opera, London, has the honour to announce that he is in town for the present season. Communications respecting public and private concerts and finishing lessons in singing, may be addressed to him at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—These elegant and convenient rooms having been re-decorated and entirely new-lighted with the brilliant sun-lights, are to be let for Concerts, Public and Private Balls, Bazaars, Meetings, &c. No concert-rooms can compete with them for sound, for either vocal or instrumental music, or for public speaking. For terms apply at the Rooms, No. 4, Hanover-square, between the hours of ten and four daily.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—J. DISTIN'S FAREWELL CONCERT.

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M. FÉTIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSICAL ART.

(Continued from page 279.)

ALTHOUGH a child musically organised as above described may labour with some hope of one day being a great artist, a thoroughly satisfactory result does not invariably follow the prognostics of early youth. Some natures there are in whom hope is deceived; they seem born to invent an art after their own fancy, while they betray an incapacity for the study of the art of writing. Through some perversity of the mind, more frequent than might be supposed, individuals of this class indignantly reject the idea of subjecting their inspirations to any set rules. Our age is replete with examples of these haughty but incomplete geniuses, who, scorning tradition, imagine art to have its commencement with them. They would persuade us that such art consists entirely in individual inspiration, not perceiving how they are thus begging the question by appealing to the very thing which is in dispute. Where is their imagination, where their inspiration? How shall we recognise them? Never has there been such a talk about originality and invention as now, that neither are to be found. M. Fétis affirms, on the faith of his long experience as a teacher, that the faculty of prosecuting thorough and efficient studies is one of the rarest, and more rarely still is it found in conjunction with the faculty of imagination. Sometimes, by way of compensation, it is met with accompanying a weak and sluggish inspiration: from such material may be turned out a good musician, and that is all.

There is no particular age for the development of genius, and such is the diversity of human organisations that the faculty of creating may be ripe in early youth, or not reach its plenitude till mature age. Generally, however, it is safer not to be over-hasty in proclaiming any artist great till some way has been made in their career. Flashes of talent that suddenly die out, transient gleams of originality, are common, and many a composer, at the close of a laborious existence, must seek his titles to fame in his earliest productions.

There is still a deficiency of earnest study in the production of works of art. It is a truth never to be lost sight of by the artist, though slighted by the majority, that he never accomplishes all that he might, that he is ever too hurried, ever too indulgent towards himself. Many a work has M. Fétis seen exhibiting glimpses of imagination and originality, which, with more serious labour, and more searching study, might have become works of the highest value.

The venerable professor terminates the whole series of articles with the following exhortation to young artists, which, from its impressive character and the value it acquires from the long experience of M. Fétis as a teacher, and his vast knowledge of the whole history of his subject, we translate literally and at length.

Devote yourselves then to study, young artists, without stint; search into the very inmost recesses of art, fathom its resources, sift its forms and its means; you can never know too much. Beware how you attach any faith to those who will cry out to you: *Keep clear of those pedantic studies that only dry up the imagination.* Imaginations that dry up start from but a weakly spring. There is a fit time for everything. When you are composing, you are to leave study aside, and deliver yourself up to your imagination; fear not even rapture, which, though it may sometimes lead astray, will often yield happy strokes of audacity. Finish your work in this mood of the mind, but when it is done let it repose awhile; let yourself settle into a calm frame, and, if you were the man of imagination while creating your work, become the man of taste in the task of polishing and improvement. Few are sufficiently aware what a fine thought may be wrought to by successive developments and transformations.

I would also say to young composers: Read a great number of fine works of every description, in the score, that you may assimilate to yourself all styles, and avoid the example of vulgar musicians, who know only the art of their own day. There are many things in the works of the past which you may resuscitate, by transforming them through the resources of modern art.

Homer himself contracted obligations of this sort to more ancient poets, who are known under the name of the *Homerides*.

Lastly, there is a parting piece of advice which I have to give to young composers (and I do so with a perfect conviction of its value), that they may not stray into paths that have no issue. Beware, I would say to them, how you quit the province of music, and seek of it that which it cannot yield. Do not run after the imitation of things perceptible to the senses in the external world, for such is not the object of the art; in such attempts it always falls short of the reality itself. Avoid likewise with equal care, drawing the motives of your composition from the abstractions of metaphysics, or the ideas of cosmogony; not only is art impotent to pourtray such things, but it becomes unintelligible in this region, as it no longer speaks the language of sentiment which alone reaches the soul in music. Finally, do not run after new forms, nor alliances of heterogeneous means, which betray a sterile imagination. When you compose a symphony let it be purely and simply a symphony, as fine a one as you can make it, but not a *symphony-cantata* nor a *symphonic poem*. Do not imitate either the last compositions of Beethoven, written with the design of avoiding ancient forms to show the independence of his genius. In seeking to avoid the regular recurrence of ideas, he fell into mere wandering. Examine closely the ancient forms of the sonata, the quatuor, the symphony, and you will find in them a very complete conception of the development of a subject. If anything could clearly prove the superiority of these forms, and these settled limitations of ancient art, it would be the nothingness of all that has been attempted by way of change.

SIEGFRIED WILHELM DEHN.

(From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

S. W. DEHN was born on the 25th February, 1800, at Altona, in Holstein, where he went to school until he was thirteen years old. He manifested a remarkable instinct for music from his very infancy; he did not cultivate the art, however, with the idea of becoming a professional musician, but obtained a place as keeper, under the auspices of M. Schenk, in the service of the Administration of Woods and Forests for the Duchy of Holstein.

We shall not follow him in the rough and often perilous existence his duties obliged him to lead, and which his naturally strong constitution assisted him in supporting. Having been wounded while hunting, he left the service, and resumed his studies. In conformity with his father's wish, he followed the law lectures at the University of Leipsic, in order to prepare himself for a diplomatic career. In 1824, he went to Berlin, and was attached to the Swedish Embassy, but unfortunate events again changed his destiny; his father died, after losing all his fortune, and young Dehn was left without resources. It was then that the musical art, which had hitherto been only an amusement, became the means of saving him. An eminent artist, Bernard Klein, whose talent is not yet sufficiently appreciated, gave him some lessons—eighteen in all; and these were sufficient to enable the ex-diplomatist to exercise with success the professor's calling.

From this moment, Dehn devoted himself entirely to teaching the theory of music, and had numerous pupils. Klein died some few years afterwards, and Dehn was, so to speak, his heir and successor in a profound knowledge of musical literature and theory. With a degree of obstinate perseverance, of which we meet but few examples, he sounded the depths of the science, and was not long in taking his rank among the musical celebrities of the day; in fact, composers and executants, of the greatest talent, studied under him. Among others, we may name the celebrated Russian composer, Glinka, who studied counterpoint with him, and always returned, even after long intervals, for fresh lessons.

From the 24th March, 1842, Dehn was Conservator of the musical division of the Royal Library at Berlin. It would be superfluous for us to enumerate the services he rendered in this situation; we shall, perhaps, never find anyone to replace him. He made several journeys to Vienna, Munich, Venice, and other parts of Italy; while on these excursions, which were of

great use to the Royal Library, he was constantly searching for rare editions, buying manuscripts, and effecting exchanges. In the years 1851, 1852, and 1854, especially, he was charged to visit Breslau and Silesia, and was successful in all his journeys.

Without entering into a detailed account of his labours, we will content ourselves with saying that he pursued them to the end with indefatigable zeal, and that age had in no degree impaired his energy. The very day a fit of apoplexy tore him so suddenly from his wife and two children, he had gone to the library as usual.

Among the many persons who followed his mortal remains, were celebrities of all kinds, especially musicians, almost all of whom, after being his pupils, are now eminent masters.

Doctor Jonas pronounced the funeral oration. The members of the Domchor executed a *chorale* and a *Lied* by Mendelssohn.

REVIVAL OF SPRING BUSINESS.

(From the *New York Herald*.)

THE very delicious weather which we have been enjoying during the last ten days has had a great effect upon all branches of metropolitan business. The hotels are filling up; Broadway is crowded with delegates from all parts of the country; the travelling season has fairly commenced; and the array of spring bonnets, with the expansion of spring crinoline, give our principal promenade the appearance of an immense flower garden. Our mercurial and excitable public is preparing to pass from the prayer-meeting to the *bal masqué*—from the sackcloth and ashes of Lent to the gaiety of the Concerts Musard. The prayer-meetings themselves are on the wane. They did not succeed in converting either Burton or Forrest, and were obliged to content themselves with awful Gardner. The last standpoint of these gatherings—Burton's old theatre—has been abandoned by the Parsons, and it will now be used as an ordinary court house. Instead of supplications there will be repetitions; instead of religious emotions there will be only dry motions before a terrestrial judge; instead of humble confessions there will be pleas of Not guilty. Rynder reigns in place of Beecher; Blackstone replaces Watts.

In the world of amusement we find the chief topics to be the grand *fête* at the Crystal Palace on Thursday, the concerts of Musard, and the *bal masqué* under the same direction, after the fashion of the Grand-Opéra at Paris. Everybody is going to the Crystal Palace, everybody must hear the Concerts Musard, everybody is discussing the *bal masqué*. Still another topic agitates fashionable circles. Mr. Ullman has just concluded the longest and most successful opera season ever given in New York. He has succeeded in creating an immense sensation. No manager has been so much talked about. He has satisfied the public, but has dissatisfied everybody else. The *prime donne* have quarrelled because one got more applause than the other; the tenors have quarrelled because the public didn't like them; the orchestra and chorus have quarrelled because war is their normal state; the critics and composers have quarrelled about the originality of operas; the Italians have quarrelled with the Germans, the Germans with the Italians, and the French with both. Fry's opera, *Leonora*, made several pretty quarrels. Some people said it was an amiable plagiarism from Bellini, Donizetti, and other composers, while the friends of Fry insisted that these masters plagiarised from the author of *Leonora*. The public did not come to hear the opera, and it was a *iasco*; so the friends of the composer are dissatisfied with the manager, who, as we said before, has disappointed all the cliques, but has made a great success with the public. More particularly has he disgusted the old clique of oyster-house critics, who have been brought out from their holes by the warm weather, and who, encouraged by the partial success of the oyster cellar conspiracies against Mayor Wood, and the similar demonstrations against the administration at Washington by the disgusted democrats and black republicans, have resolved to form a grand combination to crush the little Napoleon of the Opera. He is to be smashed up without any mercy whatever. With the artists, the oyster house critics, the fiddlers and the red republicans, against him, and only the public in his favour, his case is certainly deserving of sympathy. Let us hope he may have a safe deliverance.

Meantime, however, things go on as usual. The concerts and balls afford topics for grave discussion in society here as well as elsewhere. Before the *bal masqué* at the Academy, the wife of a California Senator gives a similar entertainment at Washington, to which all the world is invited. The question of what to wear at these balls has given far more trouble to the parties concerned than the Kansas *imbroglio* or the Central American difficulty. Of course all fashionable New York goes to Washington for Mrs. Gwin's ball, and to return the compliment everybody in society at Washington will come here for the

Musard *bal masqué* a fortnight later. By that time we may hope the contending parties of the Academy will have arrived at some settlement of the troubles. If they do not, "it isn't," as Mr. Toots would say, "of the slightest consequence."

IRISH CRITICISM.

As an example of criticism in mixed languages, seasoned with epithets of the highest flavour, we have much pleasure in offering to our readers the following notice from *Saunders's News Letter* of a concert which recently took place in Dublin :

"MISS FLYNN'S MATINEE MUSICALE."

"Miss Flynn's matinee musicale, given on Saturday at her residence, 31, Harcourt-street, was, notwithstanding the dispiriting influence of the weather, so fashionably and fully attended, and so well carried out, as to thoroughly realize the fact that 'mind will still be lord of all.' It opened with a trio in C minor (Beethoven), in which the hasty and somewhat angry 'Allegro con brio'—the 'andante con Variazioni,' of deep feeling and imagination—the quaint 'Minuetto,' and the mad 'Finale prestissimo' of this wonderful composer were duly rendered by Miss Flynn and Messrs. Levey and Elsner. Mr. Gerhard Taylor then gave a morceau de concert, performing with vigour, fervour, and skill; there was one want, if we might suggest to so gifted a performer, namely a little attendrissement. Nothing will evoke the soul of the harp save 'tenderness.' Mr. G. Taylor's composition on *Traviata* was brilliant and successful, the principal airs in this much-admired opera making themselves charmingly apparent amidst a whirlwind of difficulties. 'Les Bois,' by Stephen Haller. Miss Flynn played solo pianoforte. This is a charming and picturesque effusion, bringing to mind with musical light and shade, with joy and sadness, the changeful foliage of 'Les Bois' of sunny France. Herr Elsner gave an affecting air by Mozart in his usually expressive manner. The sonata in B flat (Mendelssohn) rendered by Miss Flynn and Herr Elsner, like the composer, savouring of the supernatural—German forests and elves—terminated the first part. The second part commenced with trio in E flat (Hummel), 'Allegro agitato, Andante, Finale presto.' The andante of this was excellent, and the finale spirit-stirring. Mr. Levey, so often heard and so popular, perhaps escapes at times the full measure of praise due to him; no foreign artist could excel his lively and speaking violin. The next piece was a duo violin and violoncello (Kummer). This rather singular but original composition, we must confess, seemed to suffer from want of harmony between the instruments—they were not in tune with each other. The Tema 'God save the Queen,' with wonderful variations, were in other respects executed a merveille by Messrs. Levey and Elsner. Miss Flynn delighted her audience with her thorough and masterly execution of Beethoven's sonata in E minor. With this class of music she seems altogether en genre; and in the concluding piece, by Chopin, her finished fingering and apt rendering prove her an accomplished pianiste."

ODE TO HANDEL.

AFTER HEARING HIM AT EXETER HALL.

(From *Punch*.)

O GRAND gigantic HANDEL!	And Doodledum,
As sunlight dims a candle,	And Tweedledum,
Thy mighty music quelleth	Genius of Beadledum;
All other, and excelleth :	Thou art too high for them,
So wonderous,	Therefore too dry for them.
So ponderous,	Supply for them
And thunderous,	Frivolity.
Uproarious,	Give us thy jollity :
And glorious,	Heroical sensation
Engrossed with airs of Cupid,	Of inward jubilation,
The soft ones deem thee stupid;	And huge exhilaration,
Thou borest them,	Which somewhat near,
And florest them,	Is that interior glowing,
They sneer at thee,	From generous liquor flow-
And jeer at thee,	Particularly owing [ing,
Call thee old Foodledum,	To the best old beer.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 278.)

"BRIGHT Chanticleer proclaimed the dawn" as—after making our ablutions in the river, and getting our mules from the labyrinths of packages, trunks, fleas, and "Carajo-ing" mule-teers, who were busily employed, as it seemed to me, in the operation of tying upon the poor animals an amount of weight that it was impossible they could exist under—we duly equipped with saddle and spur, and started westward. I use the words saddle and spur literally, for as some of the travellers were sure to forget those absolute necessities (spurs), and as it would have been an impossibility to make a mule move without thumping his sides with your heels armed with a machine called a spur, about as heavy as a decent kitchen poker, they who had a pair, divided with those who had none; and you used your gentle persuader, upon either the starboard or port heel, as seemed most conducive to rapid progression. Our party having now finished the boating business, we disbanded, and the Dominie, Poor H—n, the Editor, and myself, started together. We could not imagine what made the mules' tails all appear as if they had been shaved, but they did, and looked like old man o' war's pigtales, until we found that being very often coralled (*i.e.* put into a kind of pound without food), they literally nibble each other's tails, much as some men chew tobacco in lieu of a dinner; and this accounted for our animals making a bolt at every open house where eating was going on; and nothing but our spurs could have got them out. As to whipping, you might as well have flogged a brick-wall.

Although these sketches purport to be reminiscences of California and Australia, I have not been able to resist the temptation of elaborating upon the journey thither, for such a peculiar state of things (owing to the railroad) can never occur again, and although I have read many works also purporting to be descriptions of travel, &c., &c., yet, they were mere Jeremiads, depicting all sorts of miseries, which were nine times out of ten, caused either by the ignorance or improvidence of the voyager. To be sure, we were blessed with glorious weather, the rainy season having closed, and the drought of summer not yet oppressive; yet, with these advantages, many appeared to be perfectly miserable; the truth is, there are some men unfitted for battling with the world—they have for the most part been tied to their mothers' apron-strings, are querulous and fretful upon every little disappointment, and are quite destitute of that buoyant spirit that a true traveller should possess; and as to fun, a joke is a sealed book to them. Now, the true wanderer cares for nothing; if mishaps occur, he makes the best of them; if he meets with an accident, he grins and bears it; and if his trouble should be of that description that alone should touch the heart of a true man, he bears within his breast that firm reliance upon the goodness of his Creator, that bids him cease repining, and hope for future happiness. And who could be otherwise than happy in this lovely scene? a feeling of "awful mirth" seems to fill your heart to overflowing, as you trust to poor "Mula" to pick his way through the noble forest, the trunks of the trees wreathed with the passion-flower of every hue, the parasitical agaves and cacti growing like miniature worlds in the forked trunks, while the heavy-leaved plantain and banana lovingly drop their fan-like branches towards you, and woo you to their grateful clusters. For some hours we proceed without uttering a word; our hearts were too full of that pleasurable sensation of partial loneliness, and the beauties of the scene too bewilderingly charming, to break the spell by speaking; it was a lovely symphony of nature's composition, and you would as soon think of chattering during Beethoven's *Pastorale*, as to breath a sound, or even indulge in a settled train of thought, as you dreamingly wended through this paradise. But, even here, "the trail of the serpent was over it all." Fever, the pest of the country, decimates the inhabitants, of which we had an instance in passing a poor creature, a native who crawled forth to die in the woods. He was a perfect skeleton, and although we stopped, and poured a few drops of wine upon his black and parched tongue, his spirit fled as our good domine knelt by his side, and prayed for his departing brother. We

sadly proceeded, and soon reached a clearing in the wood, in which resided a family, like the poor wretch, all stricken with the fiery curse; some were lying in hammocks, perfectly listless, and one poor boy, of about fifteen, was extended upon the floor, unable to move. They looked suspiciously at us at first, and did not seem to understand that a feeling of sympathy could exist towards them; but upon my offering a cigar to the eldest, and least ill of the party, he—with native grace and politeness—accepted our poor offers of service, and with many thanks accompanied us 'some way upon our path, and when in parting he gravely shook hands with us, as I pressed upon him a bundle of cigars (the most grateful gift you can offer), he faltered blessings upon us, and slowly turned back with tears in his eyes, so unused were these poor creatures to any expression of sympathy from the thoughtless gold-hunters.

It was near noon when we arrived at the summit of the high range of mountains that, commencing in the coast range of the extreme north, seem to serve as a strengthening bar or backbone to the narrow isthmus. We were upon the spot where Nuñez de Balboa first caught sight of the Great Pacific Ocean, after penetrating through hostile tribes of Indians by the very way we had travelled; from this place you can see both oceans, the Atlantic and Pacific, and standing on this mountain height, look with delight over the awful masses of vegetation upon the great highways of the world.

The hot sun soon gave us warning to quit our exposed situation, and again we dived into the recesses of the forest, where, among the thousand novelties of bird, plant, flower, and insect, we came across a very curious proceeding, that I have never seen remarked in any work upon insects. We at first thought that very long narrow green snakes were slowly twisting across the bridle path; but, upon examination, these singular appearances were found to proceed from lines of ants, that meandered along in Indian file, each with a shield-shaped piece of green leaf poised upon his back. These lines of insects were, in many instances, seven or eight yards in length, and there was no straggling; if we tumbled one of the little gentlemen out of his line, he picked himself up in great tribulation, sticking to his leafy shield the while, until he could shove himself into the line again. Now what they wanted with these bits of green leaf, so exactly nibbled the same shape, except they were intended for impromptu parasols, I can't imagine, but I really should like some naturalist to explain. As the afternoon came on we were favoured with a shower of rain, which lasted but for a short time; but oh! how oppressive the atmosphere became; it was a perfect vapour bath, just as if Dame Nature was having a hard day's wash; we were absolutely bathed in perspiration. Soon, however, we began to experience a gentle breeze, and after crossing a ruined causeway, formerly used as a road by the Spaniards in conveying their caravans of silver from Panama to Cruces, and thence to Chagres, we passed a gay Spanish cavalier, mounted upon the most superb mule I ever beheld, its delicate legs and open nostril denoting the Arab cross-breed; and its rider, attired in sombrero, gay crimson sash, the open trowser or calzolero, presented a most picturesque appearance. He was extremely handsome; and as he gracefully galloped by, giving us the "Buenos dias, caballeros," we thought him the finest fellow we had ever seen.

The gentle breeze was an evidence that we were approaching the sea, and shortly we emerged from the forest and entered a wide plain, a few houses appeared at intervals, water-carriers, with their mules laden with the precious *aqua*, were making their way towards the town, and after passing a few ecclesiastical buildings, we came in sight of Panama, passed the gate where two very dirty looking blackguards of soldiers were playing at sentinel, and stopped at the Hotel de Louisiana, kept by a German Creole named Herman. This caravanserai was a long, rambling, monastery-like building, but had the advantage of a cool breeze always blowing through it; we were very much exhausted, and uncommonly tired of our uncomfortable saddles; indeed, I was so stiff, that I could not walk up-stairs without assistance. An hour's snooze however soon brought us too, and in the cool of the evening we sallied forth to see the lions and look after our baggage, about which we had our doubts, as

several times we had passed trunks and packages lying in the forest, and in one instance a mule had fallen into a ravine upside down, with his load tightly fastened to him, he kicking, and his beast of a driver thrashing him, and *carajoing* to his heart's content. We were lucky, and our plunder (as they call luggage out west) had arrived in safety; but the steamer was not yet ready, and we had to await with patience a day or two. The lions of Panama at eventide are of the quietest nature, and "Roar you as gently as a sucking dove," and the day being past when we rose from our siesta, we had no opportunity of viewing its architectural beauties; so we strolled onward, and onward, through a narrow street, passing various drinking shops, which were all kept by speculative Yankees, who, I believe, would go to Tophet itself if they could turn an honest penny, and stopped to sup at a restaurant which rejoiced in the proprietorship of the veriest Cockney I ever saw. He was of the loquacious and gently-patronising breed, and discovering I was a "Hinglismen," informed us that he came from "Hoxford Street, and then he served us with "am and heggs," and called us "gents." He was undoubtedly doing a thriving business, and was one of those odd beings you meet with all over the world, who seem always (like cats) to tumble on their feet; for he had been left at Panama ill, after being wrecked during a voyage to some place or other, that of course he had no business to be going to; and while there the gold fever made its appearance and he started a cook shop, and though he does denude Her Majesty's English of a few H's, he tries to balance the account by inserting them in the wrong places upon every opportunity. We then strolled into a large drinking bar, to which was appended a gambling saloon, where sundry of our shipmates were dropping small sums across a green table with red and black squares upon it; but as this senseless work was "not at all in our way," we quietly strolled back, and turned into bed, preparatory to enjoying the cool morning breeze. Upon opening the large door, as the beams of daylight stole slantingly across our room, the Bay of Panama was lying before us in its calm beauty; around us were odd looking, ugly barns of houses, each with its complement of Turkey buzzards squatting on the ridge-pole of the roof, and a game cock tied by the leg to the door-post. A short time sufficed for us to don our scanty habiliments, and we were in the street; all was calm and very quiet, for carriages are unknown here, all work being done by mule or man back. We passed through the gate, and were outside the city in the market-place; here were gaily attired natives of every hue, little mincing donnas, with mites of feet, cheapening the nastiest bits of meat that can be conceived, for they have a disgusting fashion in most Spanish countries of cutting a bullock (old or young it does not matter) up into long strips, which they literally sell by measurement. The vegetables and fruits looked very tempting, and the oranges, in particular, unimpeachable.

We soon found ourselves in a beautiful winding road, or lane, leading to cocoa-nut and banana groves: names given to two establishments or hotels, which, being somewhat elevated, were considered as being more healthy than the city. Here we enjoyed a calabash bath, which, being interpreted, means a large tub of water, with a scoop, or gourd, to pour it over your head; thence back to breakfast. There was nothing to do, nothing to look at, for the architecture of the city is abominable, and they have not even had public spirit enough to fill up the holes left in the walls by the removal of the scaffold supports used in building. There is a large Plaza, with a large cathedral in it, but everything has the appearance of lassitude; the very lizards, as they crawl over the altars of the churches, look sleek and lazy, as if they were trying to assume the position of church mice. We were soon (no doubt like the reader) perfectly *ennuyer*, and although we derived some amusement from watching the manœuvres of an old buffer of a padre, who, in long hat, sutane, and with a game-cock under his arm, was evidently giving spiritual consolation across the counter, to a merry, laughing-eyed little body, and shovelling up pounds of snuff into his enormous nose; even this exciting pastime became wearisome, and we resigned ourselves to the demon of *ennui* in despair; and as I don't wish my readers to suffer the same in-

fiction, I will simply state that we bore four days of this life (?) with exemplary patience, and then got on board our steamer, "The Golden Gate," one of the finest and most comfortable floating hotels in the world.

It were wrong in me, did I neglect to mention the extreme kindness and urbanity of Mr. Perry, the British Consul, a gentleman whose goodness to the afflicted of all nations is proverbial, and whose great hospitality to myself I shall never forget.

One strange place, not far from the city, I must describe, as I have met with no account of it in any work of travels, and its singularity much surprised me; it was the Campo Santo, or burial ground, cemetery, or whatever else you please to call it—it looked to me like a gigantic bakehouse, with ovens enough to bake for all creation. In these ovens are deposited the bodies of the departed, the oven door is then closed and cemented closely, and, during a year, the friends and mourners deposit their little pledges of affectionate remembrance at the door, upon which is chalked, or painted, the name, &c., &c., of the deceased; but, when All Saints' day arrives, these mortal remains are exhumed, and burned to ashes in the towers that stand at the corners of the cemetery. When this was first told me, I could scarcely believe it; but the remains of partly calcined bones, and a perfectly formed pelvis, and half-consumed skull or two (left, possibly, in consequence of the fuel running short), gave evidence of its truth. It was not a pleasant sight, and it gave you a disagreeable impression, upon reading an affectionate inscription to "Dolores de ——, aged seventeen," to think that, in a few short months, the remains of her delicate frame would be rudely burnt with dozens of others, and their half-consumed remains left as a banquet for the obscene buzzard. Hurrah! a gun, the steamer has arrived, to-morrow we shall be freed from this dull place, and soon shall revel in the charms of El Dorado, and be again, like the little ones, "on Tom Tidler's ground picking up gold and silver."

(To be continued.)

JULLIEN AT WORCESTER.

(From *Berrow's Worcester Journal*.)

The concert given by M. Jullien on Friday night, notwithstanding the rain, was a bumper; there was hardly a seat vacant in the room, and the "promenade," as it was called, was a decided misnomer, the occupants of that part of the room thus designated being packed so closely together as to preclude the possibility of motion in the most limited degree. Jullien, in fact, is popular wherever he goes, because he caters for the taste of the many. The concert of Friday night was one to which "Jullien the Great" was wont to treat his audiences in his early career. He has provided himself with a band of musicians of undoubted talent; and when there was a piece of really good music placed before them—such as the *Leonora* overture, or the *andante* from the *Surprise* symphony, both of which were introduced in the course of the evening, they showed that they were thorough masters, and could do justice to such classical compositions as well as they could fiddle a polka or a galop. Two violin solos were played by M. Remenyi, who, we notice, has been described by a contemporary in a neighbouring city as a conjuror—a professor of sleight-of-hand—an acrobat, of marvellous trick and quaint contortion—an athlete of stupendous *tours de force*; and for his fiddle, it was his accomplice, his confederate, his bogie, his Ariel, his yellow dwarf;—it piped, it sang, it whistled, it screamed, it laughed, it sighed and groaned, it chirped and crowed, and yelped, and snarled, and howled, until the audience fairly laughed and wondered. M. Remenyi certainly did, on Friday evening, display some curious effects on his pliant instrument, and got hearty applause and an encore for his performances. Encores were, indeed, too much the order of the evening; the audience, probably, being in some degree influenced by the sound of rain heard in the interval between the pieces, which it required resolution to face. The vocalists of the evening were Miss Louisa Vinning and a Miss Rance. The former is well known to the Worcester musical public, and the reception she

met with at once showed her to be a favorite. The high opinion of her talents, which we have expressed on former occasions, was more than confirmed on Friday evening: her singing of the touching old melody of "Home, sweet home," and the arch delivery of another old acquaintance, "Comin' thro' the rye," were in the best taste.

PARIS.—(From our Correspondent).—M. Hector Berlioz has been engaged, by M. Benazet, to direct the grand musical *fête* to be given at Baden, on the 14th of next August.

Franz Liszt has just been solemnly received into the brotherhood of the Order of St. François d'Assises, at Pesth. Mass was celebrated on the occasion at twelve o'clock, in the church of the Franciscan fathers, and then Becker's vocal mass was executed by the members of a vocal association, and other admirers of Liszt. At the conclusion of the mass, all present proceeded to the refectory, where, after Liszt had entered, decorated with the Portuguese Order of Christ, and taken the place of honour reserved for him, a prayer was pronounced. A priest of the order having handed Liszt the certificate of his reception, sent from the Father Provincial of Presburg, then made a Latin speech, speaking of the new member's great merits, both as an artist and as a man. After several addresses, pronounced by various dignitaries of the church, by Baron von Anguss, Vice-President of the Government of Buda, &c., the ceremony was followed by a dinner.—This is all very well; but we want to know what the piano has to do with the order of the Franciscan fathers: is it the eternal story of the dog of Alcibiades over again?

M. Rubinstein has just received the diploma of honorary member of the Conservatory of Prague. He was also invited, at the same time, to be present at the *fêtes* which will take place there in June, to celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of the foundation of the School of Music.

Sivori is engaged for the concerts of the Société des Beaux-Arts, at Liège, of the Concours Agricole, at Niort, and of the Société Philharmonique, at Nantes.

LEIPSIC.—A correspondent, writing from Leipsic, says:—"This winter we have heard successively, Mad. Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind), and Mad. Viardot Garcia, at the Gewandhaus Concerts. At present, during our celebrated annual fair, Mad. Viardot Garcia is at the Stadt Theatre, where she is singing with uniform success in *Il Barbier*, *Le Prophète*, *La Sonnambula*, *Norma*, and *Don Juan*. She was, at first, engaged for four nights only; but as, when she sings, the theatre is full, at double prices, and nearly empty when she does not, the management eagerly offered her an engagement for four nights more. We read, however, in the columns of the *Leipziger Tageblatt* :—

"It is reported that Mad. Viardot Garcia intends quitting Leipsic. The manager, Herr Wirsing, would certainly merit the gratitude of the public, if he could secure, for a longer period, the services of this lady, who indisputably occupies at the present day the first place among all the singers we know.—*Several Friends of the Musical Art.*"

The Leipziger *Allgemeine Theater-Chronik* says:—

"Mad. Viardot Garcia, whose singing had already delighted us at the Gewandhaus Concerts, has just commenced a series of performances at the theatre with the part of Rosina, in *Il Barbier*. All that we can possibly imagine in the art of singing, united with the highest intelligence, and the most poetic sentiment, can alone produce a Rosina like that of this celebrated and everywhere popular artist. It is so heavenly and divine a creation, that we feel inclined to believe in the existence of some musical planet besides our own, which despatches now and then one of its most trusty messengers to keep us always on the alert in our aspirations towards the ideal. We cannot think of dismembering, by an analysis, so perfect and uniform a whole; it would be endeavouring to divide the light of the sun because it falls on a thousand different objects. All present had but one opinion, and incessant applause resounded through the house until the conclusion of the performance."

About Mad. Viardot's *Fides* the same journal remarks:—

"We, of course, expected that this part would occupy a brilliant place by the side of the other; but that it was possible to place on the same supreme artistic elevation two characters so opposite, was

something we could not suppose, and yet the thing has been accomplished. Just as in *Rosina*, we beheld all the grace and charm, all the vernal magnificence which eternally decks out youth; so, in *Fides*, we penetrate the recesses of an afflicted mother's heart; we hear the accents of her grief, with all the different gradations of hope and sorrows. In the first instance, we have the day radiant with sunshine; in the second, the night, dark and terrible: and both are creations of the same source of sacred art. After this, doubt is at an end: there is no longer any room for ought but astonishment and admiration."

Again, with reference to *La Sonnambula*, the *Theatre-Chronik* observes:—

"How far does the charm, or, we should rather say, the magic of our cherished guest extend? We have again seen this, by her incomparable creation of Amina. The house was crowded to overflowing, the audience testifying their delight by their looks, their silence, and their shouts. We must remark, too, this same theatre contains, during the principal week of our grand fair, an assemblage of all the nations and all the languages of the old and new world. The East and the West saluted, at the same time, the elevation of this sun of art. How much does this say, when we reflect on the poverty of the subject, drawn out into a long and meagre series of arias and duets. It is, therefore, art, ye singers of both sexes, this art which develops the tiniest germ, until it blossoms out into a marvellous flower. Inflamed by the rays from the sun of our fair guest, Herr Kron (Elvino) sang with a degree of warmth which agreeably surprised us."

Thus, it will be seen, that Leipsic is not behind Cologne in its appreciation of Mad. Malibran's sister.

WIENIAWSKI AND RUBINSTEIN.—At their second concert M. M. Wieniawski and Rubinstein produced a strong impression. Most of the leading papers, however, censure them on this occasion. "M. Wieniawski's bow," says the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, "does not always bite the string sufficiently, and the sound sometimes needs a little more force and roundness. In the grand sonata by Beethoven, dedicated to Kreutzer, he skipped about too much, and glanced over the surface too much, without leaning hard enough. Rubenstein is highly blameable for executing Weber's *Concertstück* with such excessive rapidity as to completely disfigure the physiognomy of this classical and popular work. Moreover, we suspect him of having seduced Henri Wieniawski into the same fault, by accompanying him in the famous sonata which all great pianists and violinists have selected as their battle-field this year." The *Siecle* in its turn says, "It strikes us that the sole object of the violin is not to prove that the word *impossible* should be erased from the dictionary; it ought, in the first place, to please. But, in such a multiplicity of feats of strength, sentiment disappears, and nothing is left of the artist but the skilful man. Sometimes M. Wieniawski thinks fit to renounce his feats of agility, and bring out notes pure, full, and correct. He then becomes once more a violinist of style and expression. When he indulges in his daring playing, the string whistles and groans, as if uttering cries of protestation and pain; not an ear but suffers by these brutal and reiterated attacks. His bow seems to be epileptic; the other evening, M. Wieniawski played Beethoven's grand sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer, much too precipitately, for the purpose of displaying, as usual, his dexterity. At such a breakneck pace, all delicacy disappeared as if carried away by a whirlwind. We could no longer recognise the composer's thought, disfigured by this railroad movement. The notes were drunk. M. Rubenstein, at the piano, strove to rival the *bénéficiaire* in speed; and, as all this hurry belonged neither to moderation or good taste, it was with difficulty we recognised the beautiful work thus treated. We have had sufficient proofs of agility; it is time for M. Wieniawski to change his tactics, in the interest of his reputation. He has qualities wherewith to please. Let him leave off astonishing us."—*Guide Musical*.

ANECDOTE OF ROSSINI.—A few days since, Rossini heard under his window an itinerant fiddler, scraping on a miserable instrument, one of the most beautiful airs from *Guillaume Tell*. "Who is the wretch who is torturing our ears thus?" "A blind man," was the reply. "I should have thought he was deaf," said Rossini.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, MUSIC HATH CHARMS, KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Tuesday and Thursday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business, FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

Royal OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, May 8, the performance will commence with the new comedy, *A DOUBTFUL VICTORY*. After which a new farce, entitled *TICKLISH TIMES*. To conclude with *BOOTS AT THE SWAN*. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening, May 8, the performance will commence with *GUY MANNERING*. To conclude with the second act of the grand oriental spectacular operatic drama called *CALIPH OF BAGDAD*.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS. NOTICE.—Return of Mr. Phelps, who has recovered from his late severe indisposition, and will appear every evening during the week, supported by Miss Atkinson, Mrs. R. Honner, Mr. Robinson, Mr. James Johnstone, Mr. F. Morton, Mr. John Mordaunt, Mr. Bigwood, Mr. H. Lewis, Miss G. Terry, and the best company in London. On Monday, to commence with *HAMLET*, Hamlet, Mr. Phelps. On Tuesday and Thursday, *THE MAN OF THE WORLD*. Sir Pertinax, Mr. Phelps. On Wednesday, *THE STRANGER*. Stranger, Mr. Phelps. On Friday, to commence with *THE WIFE*. Julian St. Pierre, Mr. Phelps. On Saturday, a Play, in which Mr. Phelps will perform. To conclude each evening with a popular Burletta, introducing the Female Ethiopian Serenaders. No advance in the prices.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A.—(Kingsland).—*The song has been consigned to the proper quarter, and will receive early attention.*

E. S.—*We never heard of the lady. Our correspondent had better refer to the Musical Directory of Rudall and Carte.*

E. H. F.—*The criticism ought to be printed in capitals. We have inserted it gratis. The writer should be furnished with a golden beard and a box of "italics":—*

BIRMINGHAM.—On Tuesday evening last the new oratorio, *Judith*, composed by Mr. Henry Leslie for the coming Festival, was put in rehearsal by the Amateur Harmonic Association. In spite of the drawback of a reading at sight, the most prominent beauties of the music were brought out in a clear manner by the ladies and gentlemen of the Association, and we venture to argue for the work a reception that will induce Mr. Leslie to go on in this, the highest branch of composition. *Judith* is short, but contains examples of powerfully dramatic and pathetic writing. In the interval an opportunity was taken to present to the conductor, Mr. A. J. Sutton, a purse of 25 sovereigns, contributed by the members of the Association, as a testimony of their regard, and on the occasion of his marriage. J. O. Mason, Esq., president, made the presentation, and Mr. Sutton expressed his obligations to the ladies and gentlemen under his charge for their uniform courtesy towards himself.—*Birmingham Daily Press.*

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 8TH, 1858.

THE French insist that England is not a musical nation, and ground their argument upon the fact that we have no national opera. True, with such means as we have at hand, our national music is unaccountably neglected. There is, however, some reason for the neglect. The opera with us is not of paramount consideration. The oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn, the symphonies of the great masters, and other such works, hold a higher place in our esteem. Because we prefer an epic poem to a melodrama, or an ode to a farce, it does not follow that we are indifferent to poetry. The reproach, that England is not a musical nation, loses all force when we remember that it proceeds from a people who are com-

paratively ignorant both of Handel and Mendelssohn. No foreigner, dwelling in London for a short period, would subscribe to it. The truth is, not that we are *not* a musical nation, but that music with us has gained so powerful an ascendancy over the other arts, as to have become the only real amusement of the people. Music may be likened to rain. Gentle showers are grateful and refreshing; heavy falls promote vegetation, and bring forth good fruits; even inundations are salutary; but a deluge destroys. The spread of music within a few years, in London, has been astonishing. In every district large saloons have been constructed, which vie with the finest metropolitan music-rooms or provincial halls. Canterbury Hall, Weston's Hall, Winchester Hall, Raglan Hall, &c., are a few among the many that dazzle the eye, and provide good music for the million. Music, however, is not restricted to such localities, but has crept into every place of amusement. The Polytechnic, that temple of indoctrination, in which learning and science for so long a time found their home, and scowled at the softer amenities of social recreation, has been forced to summon music to its assistance, and concerts and lectures on music are now among its staple attractions. The Colosseum, too, has been compelled to resort to the aid of music and musical readings. The Panopticon, after modulating through nearly all the keys of entertainment (that of preaching not excepted), at one time settled into a concert-room, and, though now for a while the arena for horses and tumblers, will, in all probability, resume its musical performances. The Crystal Palace is little more than a huge music hall, the statues, pictures, flowers, fountains, and the various departments of arts and sciences, being only collateral shows. There is scarcely an entertainment in London where music is not a chief element or attraction. Mr. Albert Smith and Professor Wiljalba Frikell would find their jokes and tricks hang fire, were they not enlivened and helped out by a cornet or a piano. Nay, we have heard it whispered that Dr. Kahn and Dr. W. B. Marston—having at length discovered that skeletons and desiccated human monsters were not such very enticing objects—have come to the determination of providing one or two fiddlers to lighten the gravity of their lectures; and by-and-by we may reckon upon hearing discourses on anatomy and pathology accompanied by airs from *La Traviata* or *The Bohemian Girl*.

England not a musical nation! Why music is the atmosphere of the country. It is a fifth element, as indispensable as the rest. It takes part in every business and relation of life. Her Majesty cannot dispense with her band at dinner. The civic dignitaries swallow their turtle and champagne to the "mellifluous breathings" of instruments and voices. Grace is pronounced and toasts are drunk to appropriate strains. A band of minstrels in every steam-boat waits on the passengers who journey to Gravesend or Richmond, Margate or Ramsgate. We cannot walk the streets without having our ears assailed by selections from the last new opera. Organ boys, German musicians, perambulating flautists, itinerant performers on the hurdy-gurdy, eleemosynary sirens, and long-winded whistlers, meet us at every turn, and by the success of their avocations incontestably prove the universal influence of sweet sounds. Whoever sups without music has only himself to blame. Let him repair to Paddy Green's, and be regaled simultaneously with a chop and a madrigal. If he prefers a pipe with music, let him go to Canterbury Hall, or Weston's, or the Raglan, where he may have his senses ravished, and his appetite

stimulated, by extracts from real *bond fide* Italian operas. In fact, where can we go to *avoid* music?

Music, in short, is the chief amusement of the people. It is closely intertwined with our way of life. We come into the world with a "Hallelujah" chorus, and are laid in our graves with a "Requiem." Laughing and crying are the alpha and omega of our existence; and what is laughter but the music of our joy, and weeping but the music of our sorrow?

WHEN one wishes to stigmatize an enemy, or perchance a friend, as a soulless wretch who has no feeling for the arts, one likens him to Lucius Mummius, surnamed Achaicus, who, somewhat about the year B.C. 146, took and destroyed Corinth. That illustrious connoisseur having possessed himself of the treasures of art, in which the city of the isthmus abounded, sold the choicest specimens to the refined King of Pergamus, and as for the rest, which he took with him to Italy, he exacted securities from the masters of the vessels to whom they were intrusted, that in case any picture or statue was lost or injured in the passage, it should be replaced by an equivalent. One image was just as good as another in the eyes of honest Mummius, and if he had let all the Elgin marbles slip through his fingers, he would have thought himself amply compensated by the presentation of one of those fine collections of sculpture, that adorn so many front yards in the New Road.

And yet this same Mummius, whose name is irrevocably bound up with the reminiscences of old Roman barbarism, was not devoid of the organ of veneration. If he was no judge of the intrinsic value of statues, he abstained from all those that had been consecrated to religious uses. Contrary to the practice common among the other generals of the Republic, he honoured the creed of the Greeks, and even dedicated a brazen statue of Jupiter at Olympia, surrounding the shrine with gilded bucklers of brass. The fact is, although Lucius Mummius was a remarkably ignorant person, he meant well; and moreover, he was good-natured even to a fault. Associated with Cornelius Scipio in the censorship, he proved so exceedingly easy in the discharge of his duties, that Scipio, on laying down office, declared that he should have performed his functions well had he been paired with a different colleague, or with none at all.

Now, if through some sort of palingenesis, this stupid, easy, good-natured Mummius had been strolling through Paris the other day, he would possibly have seen a sale that would have reminded him of his freaks at Corinth. A choice collection of linen, gloves, head-dresses, theatrical costumes, articles of *vertu*, would have been displayed before his dull eyes, and if he had not understood the real nature of the proceedings he would have thought the purchasers at high prices as great fools as his old customer the King of Pergamus.

But if he had been informed that the several articles had belonged to a divine being called Rachel, and that many of them were votive offerings presented to her by illustrious devotees, what, in that case, would Lucius Mummius have done? How would he have acted if he had been acquainted with the wretched facts thus recorded by a contemporary.

"RELICS OF RACHEL.—At the sale of the effects of the late Mdlle. Rachel, which fetched very low prices, almost all the linen, handkerchiefs, gloves, head-dresses, &c. of the great tragedian were purchased by dealers in second-hand articles. Among the porcelain, a breakfast cup and saucer, which had belonged to Mdlle. Clairon, were sold for 150f.; a malachite box of good size fetched 2,500f.; a watch in metal, curiously chased, made in 1574, and which belonged to the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, was purchased by a member of the Russian Lega-

tion for 505f.; two silver cups presented to the deceased by the young ladies of Moscow sold for 1,200f.; a workbox presented to Mdlle. Rachel while at Moscow by Prince Gortschakoff, whose palace she had accepted as a temporary residence, sold for 2,775f. Some of the articles of jewellery were purchased by Baron de Rothschild, Baron Selliers, Lord Hertford, the Princess Potocka, &c. An American bought for about 20,000f. A ring in emerald and brilliants, presented by Mdlle. Rachel by the Emperor Nicholas, was sold for 1,620f.; a bracelet, with the portrait of Mars, by Mdlle. de Mirbel, fetched 800f.; a bracelet given by the Queen of England, 7,800f.; two brooches given by the Emperor Nicholas, 6,100f. and 3,770f.; two diamond brooches, 43,700f.; a diamond necklace, 21,800f.; and a brooch given by the Emperor Napoleon III, 2,370f. The theatrical costumes fetched prices varying from 50f. to 400f. each."

How would he have acted? Why he would have felt it his bounden duty to come forward, and put a stop to the filthy secularisation of holy things. He would at once have bought up the entire stock, and at his own proper cost he would have erected a statue to the divine Rachel, and have hung about the shrine the rescued articles, after making them undergo sundry ablutions to purify them from the taint they had received from unworthy hands. For Lucius Mummius, bad judge of art as he was, could distinguish the divine from the simply human.

And having achieved this pious work, he would have added to his name a new cognomen, and would have called himself Lucius Mummius Felix, having a better claim to that high appellation than sundry individuals who own it by right of birth.

It is rumoured that the proprietors of St. James's Hall are at last contemplating such change in the new building as may meet the deficiencies of which all the world has been complaining. We sincerely hope this may be true, both for the sake of music and that of the Company. At present St. James's Hall is anything but a music-room, which, since it was intended for nothing else, is somewhat of an anomaly.

MADAME SZARVADY, better known to our readers as Wilhelmina Clauss, will give her first *Matinée Musicale* at Willis's Rooms, on Monday morning next.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIREE.—At the last of Miss Arabella Goddard's concerts for chamber music, which excite so general an interest, the following classical works were performed:—1. Sonata in E, for pianoforte and violin, by Mozart (with Saiton); 2. Sonata in D major, by Hummel, for the pianoforte alone; 3. *Preludio e fuga*, by J. S. Bach, for pianoforte alone; 4. Sonata in A major, by Beethoven, for pianoforte alone; 5. Quartet in F minor, for pianoforte, with stringed instruments, by Mendelssohn (Saiton, Goffrie, Piatti). In truth, a magnificent selection, such as has always been the case at these interesting concerts! We might take them as models! When do we ever hear anything similar in Vienna! The only concerts for chamber music are those given by Hellmesberger. Of these, the last two series included eleven evenings, with thirty-nine different pieces. There was only one by Mozart among them!—*Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung*.

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN repeated his concert lecture on "Beethoven and his Compositions," on Tuesday evening last, at his residence in Baker-street, Portman-square. It was listened to, with evident satisfaction, by a numerous and select audience of musical connoisseurs. Mr. Salaman was assisted in his illustrations by Messrs. Deichman and Lidel (violin and violoncello), and by Miss Eliza Hughes, vocalist, pupil of Sir George Smart. At the termination of the lecture, Mr. Salaman performed Beethoven's trio for the pianoforte, violin and violoncello, in B flat, Op. 97, supported by Messrs. Deichmann and Lidel. Mr. Salaman has announced his intention of repeating his new concert lecture on "Carl Maria Von Weber and his Works," at an early date.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, *La Traviata* was given for the first time this season, and with the usual success. Mdlle. Piccolomini found her admirers as numerous as ever, though hardly so enthusiastic as during the "extra season"—or seasons. Signor Giuglini sang very finely, and was encored in the romanza, "Di miei bollenti spiriti." Signor Aldighieri was no improvement on Signor Beneventano in the elder Germont, although perhaps freer from exaggeration.

After the opera a new *ballet*, or, more properly, *ballet-divertissement* was produced, under the title of *Fleur-des-Champs*, for Mdlle. Pochini. A Grand Ballet is now a myth, so we must be content with its substitute. *Fleur-des-Champs* is the title of a village belle, who loves and is beloved, but who indulges in coquetry until she drives her lover to the brink of despair, and is reformed by a vision. The story is not very clear, but the changes are effective. The dancing of Mdlle. Pochini was consummate. Some of the steps she introduced were as original as they were extraordinary, and one or two equalled the most surprising we remember. Mdlle. Pochini achieved a far greater success than the *ballet* itself—which must be reckoned among the *ephemera*.

On Tuesday *Il Trovatore*, with Mdlle. Titien as Leonora—her second impersonation in London—Alboni as Azucena—her first appearance this year—Signor Giuglini as Manrico, attracted the most crowded audience of the season. Her Majesty and a large party occupied the royal box. Mdlle. Titien achieved an immense success, acting the part with unsurpassable energy and feeling, and singing with astonishing brilliancy. Her employment of the high notes—C, E flat and D flat—however, was occasionally "de trop;" nor was her execution, notwithstanding her superb voice, at all times marked by that fluency which we are accustomed to look for in the Italian school of vocalisation. Mdlle. Titien, however, is German—not Italian; and those who accept her for what she is will not have to complain of their bargain.

Signor Giuglini sang better than ever. His voice has gained power since last year; and certainly the "Ah, che la morte" was given with greater force than on any former occasion. He was encored in the romanza "Ah! si ben mio," one of his most finished and admirable efforts.

Alboni was welcomed with enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the house, which she received with a beam on her face, dispelling the gloom of the terrible gipsy mother's aspect, as the sun the night. Verdi's music is hardly congenial to Alboni; she sings it exquisitely, nevertheless, and endows it with a beauty it does not virtually possess. She acts, too, with intense and natural earnestness.

A new barytone, Signor Mattioli, was announced for the Count di Luna, but could not appear in consequence of a "hoarseness," and Signor Aldighieri undertook the part. Although encored in the popular "Il Balen," this gentleman's singing does not call for high praise. Signor Viatelli was Ferrando.

The new *ballet* followed.

On Thursday, the *Trovatore* and *Fleur-des-Champs*. The success of Mdlle. Titien was even greater than on the first night. This evening, the *Huguenots*, "by desire"—does Her Majesty prefer Valentine to Leonora?—with *Fleur-des-Champs*.

On Tuesday, *Don Giovanni*, with the following cast: Donna Anna, Mdlle. Titien; Zerlina, Mdlle. Piccolomini; Elvira, Mdlle. Ortolani; Ottavio, Signor Giuglini; Masetto, Signor Aldighieri; Commendatore, Signor Viatelli; Leporello, Signor Belletti; and Don Giovanni, Signor Beneventano.

LONDON INSTITUTION.—On Thursday evening Professor Bennett gave the last of a series of four highly instructive and entertaining lectures at this institution. The lectures were devoted to the following subjects:—No. 1. "On the State of Music in English Private Society." No. 2. "On the Visits of Illustrious Foreign Musicians to England." No. 3. "The Vocal Music of England." No. 4. "On the Future Prospects of England as a Musical Nation." On each occasion nearly 1,000 persons attended.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE second concert took place on Monday evening, in St. James's Hall. The programme was a good one, and not the less interesting from the fact of the first part being entirely devoted to Mozart, after the example set by M. Jullien.

PART I.

Overture—"Zauberflöte"	Mozart.
Aria—"Parto mio ben"	—Miss Louisa Pyne	Mozart.
Concerto, in D major (No. 20)—pianoforte, Signor Andreoli	Mozart.
Aria—"Vedrai carino"—Miss Louisa Pyne	Mozart.
Symphony in E flat	Mozart.

PART II.

Overture—"Coriolanus"	Beethoven.
Air, with variations—"Sul margine d'un rio"—Madame Lemmens Sherrington	Mozart.
Solo, pianoforte—Signor Andreoli.	
Scena—"Prendi per me"—Mad. Lemmens Sherrington	De Beriot.
Overture—(Ruler of the Spirits)	Weber.

Conductor—Dr. Wynde.

The overture and the symphony were both played with great spirit and precision. Dr. Wynde took the times with classical correctness, neither too quick nor too slow, thus avoiding both rocks on which conductors' batons so often split. It was a good idea to make the Mozart selection begin and end in the same key. Everyone knows that the overture to *Die Zauberflöte* is in E flat; nor is it necessary to remind anybody that the E flat symphony, is equally in E flat.

The concerto of Mozart is not suited to Signor Andreoli's style of playing, which is as frigid and monotonous as it is neat. Such music should never be attempted by any performer whose heart is not with it. The slow movement was delivered, from beginning to end, without one atom of expression. Nevertheless, the audience were pleased, and the pianist was applauded. The concerto in D, though not one of Mozart's finest, is still so fine, that Signor Andreoli must be thanked for introducing it to the public. We can but regret that he did not present his *protégé* with greater enthusiasm.

Miss Louisa Pyne sang both her songs with the highest artistic finish; and in "Parto," enjoyed the advantage of the admirable clarinet-playing of Mr. Lazarus. We wish, however, that our accomplished English singer would have set a better example, by declining to accept the very partial encore bestowed upon "Vedrai carino."

In the second part, the overture to *Coriolanus* was first played. It is, assuredly, Beethoven's greatest. The clever manner in which Madame Lemmens Sherrington executed some variations on "Sul margine d'un rio," would have been entitled to still greater praise, had she not dignified them with the name of "Mozart." That Mozart could have had no hand in such a concoction, Dr. Wynde must have known very well. We can therefore only conclude, that he had not seen the programme in manuscript.

Signor Andreoli's second performance was the *Danse des Sylphes*, by the late Signor Fumagalli, a piece of unmitigated nonsense. How Dr. Wynde was persuaded to sanction such a display, is rather difficult to explain. Perhaps he wished, like Satan, to tempt his audience. If so, he succeeded better than the arch-fiend—for his audience applauded and recalled Signor Andreoli so heartily, that we could scarcely believe our ears. Surely—we thought—this is not the "New Philharmonic!" One or two more such exhibitions, and the concerts of Dr. Wynde—so far as the "classics" are concerned—will be condemned to the *Index Expurgatorium*.

SIGNOR BONETTI.—The talented *chef-d'orchestre* of Her Majesty's Theatre has arrived in London, and will preside for the first time this season, on Tuesday next, at the performance of *Don Giovanni*.

M. HAMMER is not coming.

HEER JEAN JOSEPH BOTTI, the favourite pupil of Spohr, has arrived in London for the season. He will perform at the third Philharmonic concert, on Monday evening, one of the violin concertos of his illustrious master.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE sixth concert took place on Monday evening, and judging from the crowded and fashionable assembly, the amateurs may be supposed to be in flourishing circumstances. The selection, though excellent, was much too long, and consequently more than half the audience left the room before the commencement of Auber's overture. This was injudicious. It is far better to send people away wishing for more, than to tire them with superfluous abundance. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Symphony, No. 2, in D—Mozart; Aria, "Dalla sua pace," Mr. Tennant—Mozart; Overture (Semiramide)—Rossini; Cavatina, "Nobil donna," Miss Corelli Gibb—Meyerbeer; Septet—pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, double bass, oboe, and horn—Mr. S. W. Waley, Mr. D'Egville, Mr. Davis Cooper, Mr. Dobree, Rev. Dr. Rowden, Mr. Pape, and Mr. Mann—Fesca.

PART II.—Movements from "Sleeper Awakened"—G. A. Macfarren; Irish ballad, "Norah, darling," Mr. Tennant—Balfe; Jacobite song, "He's coming again,"—Miss Corelli Gibb; Overture (Masaniello)—Auber. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The symphony went capitally, and more than usual attention was given to the *pianos* and *fortes*. We must congratulate the band upon this performance, which showed decided improvement. Indeed, all the pieces played on Monday were unusually successful.

The septet of Fesca, a dreary specimen of chamber-music, though occasionally relieved by scraps of genuine melody, was a creditable performance, and created considerable interest. For some unexplained reason, Mr. Pollock was absent from his post, and Mr. Pape (clarinet) supplied his place.

The vocal music was good. Mr. Tennant honorably distinguished himself in Mozart's aria. Miss Corelli Gibb might do better, with so fine a voice.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

THE third concert was given on Friday evening, last week. On this occasion Mr. Benedict dispensed with an orchestra, but commenced, nevertheless, with Mendelsohn's *Ottetto*, very finely executed by eight accomplished players, with Mr. H. Blagrove leading, but not heard as distinctly as might have been desired by the admirers of Mendelsohn. The choir was assisted by the Vocal Union, and sang several glees and part-songs, among which the most favorably received was Mr. Benedict's *Wreath*, a most graceful and effective composition. Madame Castellan, Mdlle. Finoli, Miss Messent, and Mr. Tennant were the vocalists.

The novelty of the evening was the violin performance of Mdlle. Gabriele Wendheim, a young lady, who, whatever may be her capabilities, is ill-advised to exhibit them in public at present, since, in the mechanical part of her art, she has almost everything to learn.

HERR ERNST PAUER'S SOIRES.

THE first of these took place on Wednesday night, at the Hanover-square Rooms, before a numerous and intelligent audience. Herr Pauer is an admirable pianist, and his taste lies exclusively in the domain of classical art. The first piece in his programme was Beethoven's violin sonata in C minor, which was very finely executed by himself and Herr Joseph Joachim, the exotic "lion" of the season. After a very clever song by M. Gounod (*cantique*), very cleverly sung by Mr. Santley, the audience were treated to a quasi-novelty—Haydn's charming trio in G. This was capitally performed by Herr Pauer, Herr Joachim, and Sig. Piatti, and the audience were so much delighted that they encroached the last movement—a rondo formed on a subject in the Hungarian style of melody. One of Bach's pedal-fugues, and solos by Liszt and himself, were also contributed by Herr Pauer, who also took part with Herr Joachim and Sig. Piatti in Schumann's D minor trio, a work more dry and laborious than musically beautiful. Herr Joachim played Tartini's *Trillo del Diavolo* with wonderful taste and dexterity, and was unanimously recalled. Among the vocal pieces were two songs by Schubert, and a "Miserere" by Martini, all of which were sung with artistic expression by Mad. Pauer, wife of the concert-

giver. There was also a duet from *Semiramide*, which was hardly suited to the occasion, and in which Mad. Pauer and Mr. Santley were less at home than in the other pieces. The concert was first-rate of its class.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE performance of Mendelsohn's music to *Athalie*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, in conjunction, attracted one of the largest audiences we have seen at Exeter Hall. These two works together, so different in style and yet both so masterly, now constitute one of the most attractive entertainments of the Sacred Harmonic Society. The performance of *Athalie* on Wednesday evening was not perfect, though occasionally very grand—the overture and march of the Levites, for instance, being magnificently played. The solo singers were, Madame Clara Novello, Miss F. Rowland, and Miss Dolby. In the *Stabat Mater* the principal singers were, Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss. Mr. Reeves, in obedience to the vociferous demand of the audience, was compelled to repeat the air, "Cujus Animam," which he sang superbly. Generally speaking, the execution of Rossini's work left as much to be desired as that of Mendelsohn's. As, however, both works are to be repeated next Friday, we shall consider the first performance as a "full rehearsal," and postpone further remarks until the next.

MR. ARTHUR O'LEARY'S CONCERT.—A very interesting performance of classical pianoforte music was given at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley-street, on Thursday morning, the 29th ult., by Mr. Arthur O'Leary, the pianist. This young *virtuoso* was a student in the Royal Academy, under Professor Bennett for the pianoforte, and Mr. Cipriani Potter for composition. He reflects credit on his masters, exhibiting decided talent both in composition and in playing. The programme included a variety of classical *morceaux*, which it is not necessary to specify in detail. Beethoven's sonata in F, Op. 24, for pianoforte and violin, in which Mr. O'Leary enjoyed the invaluable co-operation of Herr Molique, pleases universally. Professor Bennett's exquisite *Rondo à la Polonoise*, the first time it was performed in public, was exceedingly well played, and much applauded. Mr. O'Leary also took part in Hummel's trio in E flat, with Herr Molique and Mr. Aylward, besides performing some selections from Schumann, with Mr. Cipriani Potter, an *Andante con moto* (Op. 2) of his own, and Bach's *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue*. Herr Molique executed two of his own "melodies," (pianoforte accompaniment,) with admirable effect. Miss White sang the air, "Und ob die Wolke," from *Der Freischütz*, accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. Aylward, and the Irish song, "The harp that once through Tara's halls," and was encored in the last. The concert was under distinguished patronage.

MR. ALFRED CARDER'S CONCERT took place on Monday evening, at the Beaumont Institution. The vocalists were Madame Sherrington Lemmens, Miss Banks, Mr. Thomas, and Herr Reichardt; the instrumentalists, Mr. W. Pettit (violoncello), and Mr. Carder (pianoforte). The London Polyhymnian Choir also assisted, and sang several part-songs exceedingly well, including a clever six-part song, by Mr. Carder, entitled "Woman's eyes." Mr. Carder, among other pieces, played an andante, with variations, for piano and violoncello, with Mr. Pettit, in a musicianly manner, and was deservedly applauded. Madame Lemmens sang the aria from the *Messiah*, "Rejoice greatly," and with Herr Reichardt, "Hannah, why weepest," from Mr. Costa's *Eli*. Miss Banks was encored in Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," and Mr. Thomas, in "The exile's farewell," a composition of Mr. Carder's. Herr Reichardt, who was received with great favour, sang "If with all your hearts," (*Elijah*), and, in German, a *lied* of his own composition, "Thou art so near, and yet so far" (*Du bist mir nah' und doch so fern*), in which he was enthusiastically encored, when he repeated it with equal effect in English. Mr. Alfred Carder (*the bénéficiaire*) was the conductor, and acquitted himself most satisfactorily. The room was well filled.

M. CHARLES HALLE.—This great artist is to play Beethoven's concerto in E flat, at the next Philharmonic concert.

A THIRD ITALIAN OPERA.—Drury Lane Theatre opens on Monday evening, with the first of a series of Italian operas, at play-house prices. The opera is to be *Il Trovatore*. The following is the list of the company:—Mesdamese Salvini, Donatelli, Funagalli, Belloni, Bernardi, Rudersdorff; Signors Badiali, De Giorgi, and Kinni; and Messrs. Perren and Charles Graham.

Mr. H. J. TRUST'S MATINÉES.—The second of Mr. Trust's harp performances, took place at his private residence. The rooms were full, and the company select. The instrumental pieces were—Overture for piano, violin, horn, and harp, by Nademan, played by Miss Marie Salzmann, Messrs. Day, Mann, and Trust; Grand Trio, "L'Alliance," for pianoforte, flute, and harp, by Bochsa—executants, Miss Marie Salzmann, Messrs. Sidney Pratten and Trust; Oberthür's Trio, for two horns and harp, by Messrs. H. and F. Jarrett and Trust; Grand Duo, for two harps, by the same composer, performed by himself and Mr. Trust; Duo for flute and harp, *L'Italie et l'Irlande*, by Talon and Bochsa, admirably played by Messrs. Pratten and Trust, and loudly applauded, besides solos by Miss Marie Salzmann and Mr. Trust. All these performances gave the utmost satisfaction, and Miss Marie Salzmann, niece and pupil of Mr. Trust, exhibited decided talent for the pianoforte, and was much applauded, especially in Mendelssohn's *Fantasia*. Mr. Trust's performance of Parish Alvars' "Barcarole," was greatly admired. The vocalists were, Miss Marian Prescott and Mr. Lyall. These *matinées* are first-rate of their kind.

BARNSBURY.—Miss Banks, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Lawler, sung in a vocal performance of Handel's *Messiah*, on Monday evening last, at Barnsbury Hall, Islington. Mr. J. F. Cooper was the conductor, and accompanied the voices in a clever manner. An efficient chorus, about fifty in number, did themselves and their conductor much credit by their energetic and careful performance. The principal singers fully sustained their high reputation.

LEEDS—(From our Correspondent).—On Monday last, Mr. Burton gave a concert in the Music Hall, when Spohr's *Last Judgment* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* were performed. The band and chorus numbered about eighty; and the principal singers were Miss Whitham, Miss Freeman, Mr. Westmoreland, and Mr. Hinchcliffe. Considering the shortcomings naturally expected from the local soloists who undertook such difficult music, both works were performed in a very creditable manner. The attendance was thin.—The Brousil Family have given several concerts during the week, in the Music Hall.—*On dit*, that the Festival will take place on the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th September, a fortnight before the meetings of the British Association. The morning performances will, in all probability, consist of *The Messiah*, *Mount of Olives*, *Elijah*, and *Haydn's Seasons*. The guarantee fund now amounts to about £2,500.

BELLS AND SINGERS.—Four o'clock in the morning. The deep bass voice of Paul's, the Staudigl of bells, has growlingly proclaimed the fact. Bow Church confirms the information in a respectable baritone. St. Clement's Danes has sung forth acquaintance with the well-known chest-note of his tenor voice. St. Margaret's, Westminster, murmurs a confession of the soft impeachment in a contralto rich as Albeni's in "Stride la vampa;" and all around and about the pert bells of the new churches, from evangelical Hackney to Puseyite Pimlico, echo the announcement in their shrill treble and soprano.—*Welcome Guest.*

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. Charles Dickens read his Christmas story, "The Chimes," on Thursday evening, to an audience that filled every part of St. Martin's Hall. So great was the crowd, indeed, that scores were turned away from the unreserved seats and the galleries. In several instances, Mr. Dickens could not proceed for the applause, and his greatest effects were certainly created in the serious parts of his story. In order to bring the "reading" within the compass of two hours a good deal of the text has to be omitted, but nothing materially to affect the story. On Thursday next Mr. Dickens will read his "Christmas Carol."

THE AMBROSIAN CHANT.

The Ambrosian chant derives its name from its having been employed in the service of the church by Ambrose, chosen Bishop of Milan in 374, and canonised after his death. This prelate appears, however, neither to have originated the form of chanting, nor even to have first appropriated it to ecclesiastical purposes.

Some writers suppose that an antiphonal form of chanting prevailed among the Jews from the earliest times; this being inferred from the description of Miriam and her maidens answering Moses and the children of Israel in the song of thanksgiving after the passage of the Red Sea, from the construction of several of the Psalms of David, and from the description of the reciting or chanting (very possibly of some other of these, most likely of the 136th) at the laying of the foundation-stone of the Temple of Solomon, and again at the performance of the same ceremony for the second Temple; and they argue that such a manner of rehearsing the Psalms being in use among the Jews, it was continued, and the melodies they chanted were preserved by the early Christians. Others suppose that the music in use among the Greeks was at once adopted in the church service by the first pagan converts to Christianity, and they speculate that the narrative of the divine passion, being of a tragic character and of most deeply tragic interest, may, at its habitual public recital, have been intoned, or chanted, or sung, after the same manner and to the same melodic cadences as the tragedies of the Greek theatre. Others, again, pretend that the musical system was invented, if not by Ambrose himself, certainly by and for the express use of the members of the Christian church; and they advance in support of this view of the subject, that Ambrose distinguished the four modes which only he employed, simply by the numerical appellations of first, second, third, and fourth, and was followed in this principle by Gregory, who extended his system, with respect to the four modes he added to those of Ambrose, whereas the Greek titles were first applied to the ecclesiastical modes by Glareanus, who, so late as the sixteenth century, further extended their number to twelve, and thus, so it is pretended, gave rise to the confused idea of their origin that now prevails. One fact and one conjecture will, however, I think, entirely refute this pretension: namely, the four modes of Ambrose are identical with the Dorian, the Phrygian, the Lydian, and the Mixolydian modes of the Greek system, as are the added four of Gregory with those that are now known by the same names; and, since the succession of intervals that constitute these modes are all of them arbitrary, artificial arrangements, wholly unfounded upon any harmonic, any natural system, it is not for moment to be believed that they could have been for a second time invented, especially at a period when they remained still in use for the purpose of reciting Greek poetry, for which they were originally designed. Such is the fact; and my conjecture is, that Ambrose dropped the Greek names, and preferred his numerical distinctions (and Gregory followed his example), if not merely for the sake of greater facility of reference, perhaps in order to dissociate them, so far as might be, from all ideas of heathenism; whereas, in the time of Glareanus, the idea of the heathenism of the Greeks having in some sort given place to that of their classicality, this last-named reformer of church music chose to restore their original Greek names to the ecclesiastical modes, and, we may naturally believe, thought he would give them dignity and respectability thereby. In further justification of this consideration of the origin of the ecclesiastical modes may well be urged, that the Latin hymns of Prudentius, written for the catholic church, are in Greek metres, the Alemanic, the Alcaic, the Sapphic, &c., and are thus shown to have been produced with the intention that they should be sung to the Greek music appropriate to such metres.

Whatever the origin of this system of music, Ambrose appears to have made himself master of it during his residence at Antioch, where, under the administration of Flavian, the bishop of that Greek city, it had been long in use in the church, and was in great esteem. Before Ambrose made use of it in Milan, Basil had transplanted it to his see of Cesarea, and Chrysostom to his of Constantinople, in which latter place it was employed as a counter-attraction of the orthodox church to the hymns of the Arians, which these heretics habitually chanted as they passed in procession through the public streets. Very shortly after, if not coincidently with the introduction of this system of chanting by Ambrose at Milan, it was also introduced by Pope Damasus at Rome, so that it is almost questionable whether Ambrose entirely deserves the credit of transplanting it from the eastern to the western church.

The object of Ambrose for instituting at Milan the musical system that bears his name, was the same as that of Chrysostom at Constantinople, to counteract the seductive influence of Arianism. It is stated by some writers, that when his orthodox flock took refuge in the churches against the persecution of Justina, the empress-mother, their

bishop taught them to intone the psalms antiphonically to certain melodic cadences (melodies, in our modern acceptation of the word, they can scarcely be called) constructed upon these modes. Others only state, but, I believe, all agree, that this system of responsive chanting to those special tones (or, as we should now say, tunes) being established, it had the great effect which is the aim of all music in divine service, nay, of every accessory to the act of devotion—even of the form of language employed in prayer—the effect of elevating the feelings of the supplicants, and kindling in their hearts such glowing emotions as we, in the present day, experience when we hear and, still more, when we participate in the competent performance of the masterpieces of the lyric art. They who have proved the exalting power of music, will instantly recognise the full extent of my meaning; they who have not, could never understand, from second-hand description, the more than human influence it possesses to bind a multitude together in one common emotion by one all-uniting chain of sympathy. *Augustinus Aurelius*, who had been converted to Christianity by the preaching of Ambrose, thus, in his Confessions, addresses his master as to the effect of this music upon him.

"How many tears I have shed during the performance of thy hymns and chants, keenly affected by the notes of thy melodious church! My ears drank up those sounds, and they distilled into my heart a sacred truth, and overflowed thence in pious emotion, and gushed forth into tears, and I was happy in them."

The same pious writer proves that it was especially the musical character of the performance which produced this powerful impression on his heart, by a comparison between the choral chanting instituted by Ambrose at Milan, and the monotonic recitation practised under the administration of Athanasius:—

"Sometimes, from over-jealousy, I would entirely put from me and from the church the melodies of the sweet chants which we use in the psalter, lest our ears seduce us; and the way of Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, seems the safer; who, as I have often heard, made the reader chant with so slight a change of note, that it was more like speaking than singing. And yet, when I call to mind the tears I shed when I heard the chants of thy church in the infancy of my recovered faith, and reflect that at this time I am affected, not by the mere music, but by the subject brought out as it is, by clear voices and appropriate tunes, then, in turn, I confess how useful is the practice."

Exciting thus the participants in the performance, it may well be believed that this, the highest style of music then known, with the utmost perfection of execution then possible, resulting from the simplicity of the melodies, and the multitude and the genuine enthusiasm of the singers, had also a powerful effect upon the indifferent passers-by, and even the heretics, who casually heard it: an effect so powerful as to attract them to its daily repetition, and thus to induce them to listen to the sacred teaching, while itself prepared their minds and hearts for the reception of the lessons then promulgated.

We must now consider of what the music of the Ambrosian chant consisted. The diatonic genus, the simplest of the three comprised in the ancient Greek system, was the only one employed; and the reason of this is obvious in organising a system of music for the performance, not of studied few, as in the Greek theatre, and in the solemnities of the pagan priesthood, but of the entire people. To define this in modern terminology, it must be said to have consisted of the natural notes belonging to our scale of C, wholly without inflection by sharps or flats, save that, under certain circumstances, B flat was used instead of B natural (but never chromatically, that is, next before or after it), according to the greater perfect system of the Greeks, instead of according to their lesser perfect system. The modes of the Greeks were distinguished from each other by their various dominant and final notes, the former of which was, not as in present acceptance, the fifth of the key, but the predominant note throughout the melody; and the latter being, of course, that upon which the melody closed. As any note in the octachord might be employed as a final, or, as we should now call it, tonic or key-note, it will be seen that the scale of each mode had a different distribution from the others, of the tones and semitones. These are the four modes chosen by Ambrose, which were identical with the first four of the Greeks:—

The *Dorian* of the Greeks (which was the protos or first of Ambrose) commenced upon our D, and so had its semitones between E and F, and between B and C.

The *Phrygian* of the Greeks (the deuterios or second of Ambrose), commencing upon our E, had its semitones still between E and F, and between B and C.

The *Lydian* of the Greeks (the tritos or third of Ambrose), commencing upon our F, had its semitones between B and C, and between E and F.

And the *Mixolydian* of the Greeks (the tetartos or fourth of Ambrose), commencing upon our G, and having its semitones between B and C, and between E and F.*

Writers differ as to the names of the Phrygian and the Lydian modes, some reversing the names of those which are here given, others calling the third the Eolian instead of the Lydian, but those here stated are, according to the majority of authorities, classical and ecclesiastical. Another uncertainty prevails as to the term *mode*, some writers using that of *tone* to signify the same thing, while others employ this latter word rather in our acceptation of *tune*—melody, namely, written in either one of the modes. The description here given applies rather to the notation, and to the relative distance of one to another, than to the positive pitch of the notes, for there is every reason to believe that the tones or chants constructed upon either one of the four modes might be, and continually was, sung higher or lower, according to the compass of the voices that intoned them at one time or another; or, in modern terminology, were transposed into higher or lower keys.

* Under what circumstances the B flat of the greater perfect system was employed, I can trace no rule to define; but the fact that this note, and not B natural, is the original note of the German scale, and that of the almost universal prevalence of our keys of F and D minor in the first compositions that departed from the rigid severity of the ecclesiastical canon, considered with reference to the greater perfect system of the Greeks, which consisted of two octaves, commencing upon our A in the first space of the bass clef, and had B flat for its second and ninth notes, suggests that there may be some inaccuracy in this generally accepted description of the scales which I have given, and that B flat was the received note, and thus B natural, if used at all, was entirely exceptional in its employment. If this conjecture be true, the situation of the semitones in all the modes will differ accordingly.

(To be continued.)

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Phoebe, trust the tale I tell;

Ne'er was truer, purer passion,

Than within this heart doth dwell.

Long I've watch'd each rare perfection,

Sealing o'er that gentle brow,

Till respect became affection,

Such as that I offer now,

If you love me, and will have me,

True I'll be in weal and woe;

If in proud disdain you leave me,

For a soldier I will go.

Little care the broken hearted

What their fate, by land or sea,

Phoebe, if we once are parted,

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